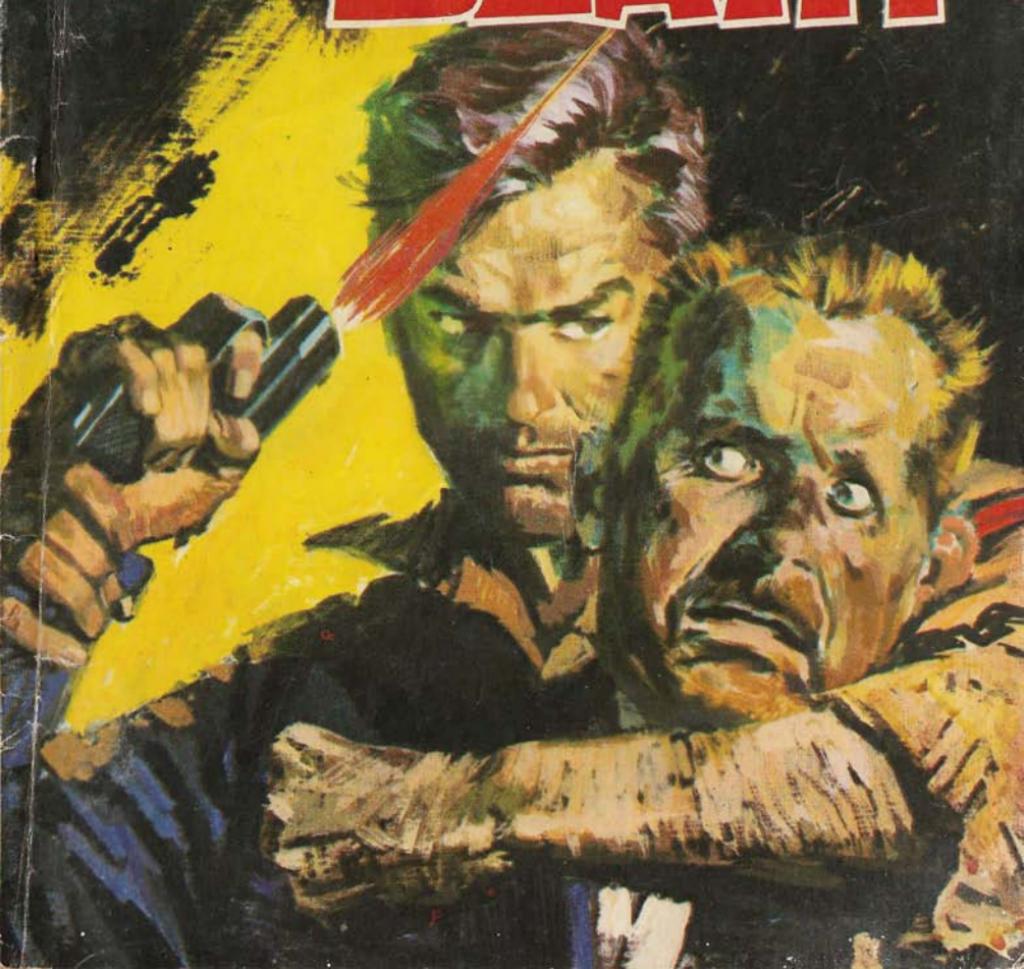


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CARGO OF DEATH



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**PACKED
WITH
DRAMATIC
BATTLE
ACTION!**



SIX GREAT ISSUES EVERY MONTH

CARGO of DEATH

IN THE DEADLY U-BOAT WAR IN THE EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN, THE GERMANS HELD MANY ISLAND BASES WHERE THEIR UNDERWATER FLEET COULD HIDE AND REFUEL. EVENTUALLY THE BRITISH, MEETING FEROCITY WITH FEROCITY, AND CUNNING WITH CUNNING, BEGAN TO ATTACK THESE BASES.

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W.P. 1814



THIS IS THE STORY OF TWO MEN WHO,
IN A STRANGE WAY, BECAME VITALLY
INVOLVED IN THAT GRIM STRUGGLE...

PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED

Chapter 1. U-BOAT MENACE

ONE NIGHT IN 1943, A GERMAN RADAR STATION ON THE GREEK ISLAND OF KEPHALOS PICKED UP SIGNIFICANT "BLIPS" ON ITS SCREEN...



WITHIN MINUTES, THREE U-BOATS SET OFF FROM THEIR CONCEALED BASE ON KYNASTRO ISLAND. USING NEW APPARATUS TO CONFUSE THE SEARCHING DESTROYERS AND CORVETTES, THE U-BOATS GOT AMONG THE CONVOY AND LOOSED THEIR MURDEROUS TORPEDOES...



AMONG THE SHIPS THAT WENT DOWN THAT NIGHT WAS THE S.S. STRANDORE, 9,000 TONS. SHE SANK IN SHALLOW WATER AND IN THAT TIDELESS SEA, HER SUPERSTRUCTURE LAY HIDDEN JUST BELOW THE SURFACE...



BY A STRANGE QUIRK OF FATE THAT SHIP WAS TO PLAY HER PART, WEEKS LATER, IN THE SECRET DRAMA THAT WAS PLANNED TO BRING DISASTER TO THE ENEMY...

THIS LATEST BLOW STUNG THE BRITISH HIGH COMMAND IN CAIRO INTO RETALIATION.

QUITE OBVIOUSLY THE ENEMY RADAR STATION ON KEPHALOS SPOTTED THE CONVOY, AND GUIDED THE U-BOATS TO THE SPOT. THAT RADAR INSTALLATION MUST BE ELIMINATED!



995 COMMANDO, BASED
IN ALEXANDRIA, CARRIED
OUT THE RAID. AMONG
THEM WAS PRIVATE JOHN
FORSTER...

QUEER BLOKE,
THAT FORSTER!
A RIGHT LONE
WOLF!

SEEMS TO HAVE
A CHIP ON HIS SHOULDER
ALL THE TIME, IF YOU
ASK ME!



SURPRISE WAS TO BE THE KEYNOTE
OF THE OPERATION. THE LANDING
CRAFT SLID QUIETLY INTO SHORE,
THE RAMPS WENT DOWN...



THEN SUDDENLY, THE CLIFFS WERE RINGED WITH FLAMES, A ROARING HURRICANE OF AUTOMATIC AND SMALL ARMS FIRE SLASHED INTO THE RAIDERS.

STRAIGHT UP, LADS! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!



THE SPIRIT AND IRON TRAINING OF THE COMMANDOS WAS THE ONLY THING THAT SAVED THEM FROM ANNIHILATION. THEY STORMED UP THE CLIFFS, HUGGING THE ROCKS, EXCHANGING BULLET FOR BULLET...



AT THE TOP, THEY FELL ON THE GERMANS VENGEFULLY, FOR MANY OF THEIR COMRADES HAD FALLEN IN THAT SUICIDAL ASSAULT.



THE SURVIVING GERMANS FLED INLAND...



THE DEMOLITION PARTIES GOT TO WORK AND WITHIN MINUTES, A SERIES OF SHATTERING EXPLOSIONS BLEW THE RADAR INSTALLATIONS INTO FLAMING RUIN.



TWO DAYS LATER, BACK IN THEIR CAMP OUTSIDE ALEXANDRIA, THE COMMANDOS COUNTED THEIR CASUALTIES AND DISCUSSED THE RAID.



BECAUSE HE'S A GERMAN. THAT'S WHY! HIS REAL NAME IS FUERSTER. I'VE JUST HAD A LETTER FROM A MATE OF MINE IN THE FUSILIERS, THE UNIT FORSTER FIRST CAME FROM. HE KNOWS ALL ABOUT HIM!



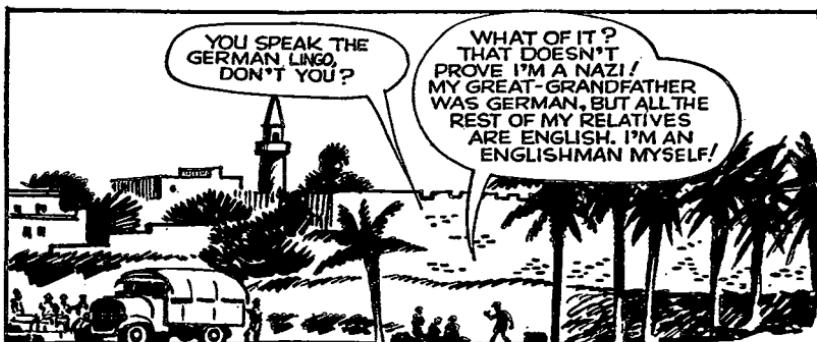
HOT-TEMPERED JOHN FORSTER HAD HEARD WHAT TAPPER HAD SAID. MAYBE TAPPER HAD MEANT HIM TO.

WHAT'S THAT TAPPER? SAY IT TO MY FACE, IF YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING TO SAY!



YOU SPEAK THE GERMAN LINGO, DON'T YOU?

WHAT OF IT? THAT DOESN'T PROVE I'M A NAZI! MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER WAS GERMAN, BUT ALL THE REST OF MY RELATIVES ARE ENGLISH. I'M AN ENGLISHMAN MYSELF!



THAT'S NOT THE WAY I LOOK AT IT / YOU OUGHT NOT TO BE IN THE COMMANDOS. YOU'RE A SECURITY RISK! I RECKON THAT WITH YOUR WALKIE-TALKIE IT WOULD BE EASY FOR YOU TO GET IN TOUCH WITH YOUR GERMAN PALS, AND GIVE 'EM THE TIP OFF!



TINY GOT NO FURTHER...



I'M AS GOOD AN ENGLISHMAN AS ANY OF YOU! NOW ANYONE ELSE WANT TO CALL ME A TRAITOR!



CORPORAL FOLSOM CAME HURRYING OVER. BEFORE HE HAD GOT HIS TAPES, HE AND TINY TAPPER HAD BEEN BOSOM PALS.

CAUSING TROUBLE AGAIN, FORSTER? WHY DON'T YOU SAVE YOUR SCRAPPING FOR THE GERMANS!

HE ASKED FOR IT!



WHEN JOHN FORSTER HAD FIRST COME TO THE COMMANDOS, HE SEEMED TO HAVE GOT OFF ON THE WRONG FOOT. HE WAS NOT A MAN WHO MIXED EASILY, BUT HE HAD ONE CLOSE FRIEND - TOM COOPER.

WHEN I JOINED THIS LOT I THOUGHT NO-ONE WOULD KNOW ABOUT ME. IS IT MY FAULT THAT MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER CAME FROM GERMANY?



MEANWHILE, THE CAIRO HIGH COMMAND WERE FAR FROM SATISFIED WITH THE U-BOAT SITUATION, AND FRESH BRAINS WERE BROUGHT TO BEAR UPON THE PROBLEM...

MY IDEA IS BASED ON THE TROJAN HORSE TRICK, SIR. WE PUT PICKED COMMANDOS IN THE HOLD OF AN OLD MERCHANT SHIP, WHICH WILL LOOK AS THOUGH IT HAS BEEN BADLY DAMAGED.

WE LET THIS SHIP APPROACH THE ISLAND BASE OF KYNASTRO, WHEN THE GERMANS WILL ALMOST CERTAINLY SHELL IT. BUT IN FACT, WE'LL SCUTTLE IT IN SHALLOW WATER. THE CREW WILL TAKE TO THE BOATS, WHILE THE HIDDEN COMMANDOS WILL BIDE THEIR TIME AND MAKE A SURPRISE ATTACK!



VARIOUS EXPERTS WERE CALLED IN TO THRASH OUT THE DETAILS...

BUT WHO ARE YOU GOING TO GET AS MASTER OF THIS OLD TRAMP STEAMER?



WITHIN HOURS, A MAN FROM THE ADMIRALTY TRAVELED DOWN TO BINGHAMPTON TO SEE CAPTAIN FRED GANTRY.

YES, THAT'S CAP'N GANTRY. HE LOST THE OLD *INDIAN QUEEN* IN A COLLISION. NEVER BEEN GIVEN ANOTHER SHIP - HE'S GONE DOWN-HILL A LOT SINCE THEN!

THAT SO?



THE ADMIRALTY MAN WAITED FOR HIS CHANCE AND GOT GANTRY ON HIS OWN.

I'VE BEEN TOLD THAT YOU KNOW THE GREEK ISLANDS AND THE REEFS IN THAT AREA AS WELL AS ANY MAN ALIVE.

WELL—
MAYBE!



GANTRY LISTENED AS THE PLAN WAS UNFOLDED TO HIM.

IF YOU TAKE THIS ON, YOUR SHIP WILL BE IN ALEX, AND YOU'LL BE FLOWN OUT TO TAKE OVER! YOU'LL GET A MORE DETAILED BRIEFING THERE. WHAT DO YOU SAY?

YES, I'LL DO IT!
IT'LL BE GOOD TO HAVE A SHIP OF MY OWN AGAIN - EVEN IF IT IS A DOOMED ONE!



AFTERWARDS, CAPTAIN GANTRY HURRIED HOME TO THE LONELY COTTAGE ON THE CLIFFS WHERE HE LIVED.

THIS MAY BE MY REALLY BIG CHANCE! BUT IF THEY ONLY KNEW...



ONCE IN HIS COTTAGE, GANTRY REMOVED CERTAIN SECTIONS OF FLOORBOARD AND BROUGHT OUT A RADIO TRANSMITTER. TWENTY MINUTES LATER, HE WAS IN TOUCH WITH THE ABWEHR - THE GERMAN MILITARY INTELLIGENCE SERVICE.

I DON'T KNOW THE NAME OF THE SHIP YET, NOR ANY OTHER DETAILS. BUT I'LL KEEP IN TOUCH...



IN THE ABWEHR HEADQUARTERS
IN COLOGNE THEY RECEIVED HIS
MESSAGE WITH GREAT INTEREST.

UP TILL NOW, OUR HERR
GANTRY HASN'T GIVEN
US VERY VALUABLE
INFORMATION, BUT THIS
IS SOMETHING REALLY
BIG!

I DON'T THINK WE CAN COMPLAIN
ABOUT GANTRY. HIS CONVOY INFORMATION
HAS ALWAYS BEEN RELIABLE, AND IT WASN'T
HIS FAULT THAT OUR LAST ATTACK ON A BIG
CONVOY COST US FOUR U-BOATS!

HIMMEL! WHAT A RECEPTION
WE WILL ARRANGE FOR THOSE
COMMANDOS. THERE THEY'LL
BE, EXPECTING TO
SURPRISE US. AND
INSTEAD, THEY
WILL BE CAUGHT
LIKE RATS IN A
TRAP!



Chapter 2. TRAITOR ABOARD

BACK IN ALEXANDRIA, THE 995 COMMANDO WENT INTO SPECIAL TRAINING FOR THE RAID.

COME ON, FORSTER! GET A MOVE ON!

HAVE A HEART, CORP! I'VE GOT EXTRA WEIGHT. THIS WALKIE-TALKIE ISN'T SO LIGHT!



DON'T GIVE ME ANY OF YOUR LIP, FORSTER! IF I SAY JUMP - YOU JUMP, SEE!

SOME OF THE TRAINING WAS CARRIED OUT ON AN OLD HULK OUT IN THE BAY.

THIS IS SOMETHING LIKE THE SHIP THAT WILL BE USED. WE'VE

GOT TO PRACTISE GETTING UP FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE SHIP'S HOLD AND INTO THE LC QUICKLY AND QUIETLY!



ONCE AGAIN, JOHN FORSTER FELL FOUL OF THE BULLYING CORPORAL FOLSOM.

TOO SLOW, FORSTER -
TOO SLOW! WHAT ARE
YOU TRYING TO DO -
SABOTAGE THE WHOLE
THING TO HELP YOUR
JERRY MATES?

SOMETHING SNAPPED
IN JOHN FORSTER THEN...

UGH!





SEVERAL OTHER MEN DIVED IN AND THE DAZED CORPORAL WAS RESCUED.



BUT THAT WAS BESIDE THE POINT. JOHN FORSTER WAS ESCORTED BACK TO THE GUARDROOM UNDER CLOSE ARREST.

WHAT DID YOU DO A THING LIKE THAT FOR, MATE? YOU CAN'T SLUG A CORPORAL AND HALF KILL HIM AND GET AWAY WITH IT!





THE VERDICT WAS
A FOREGONE
CONCLUSION...

YOU ARE VERY LUCKY YOU ARE
NOT STANDING HERE ON A
MURDER CHARGE! YOU BELONG
TO A CRACK UNIT WHICH IS VERY
JEALOUS OF ITS RECORD AND
REPUTATION. YOU WILL GO
TO DETENTION FOR TWO
YEARS!



THE GLASSHOUSE -
A HELL ON EARTH!
AND FOR TWO YEARS!



BY NOW, CAPTAIN GANTRY HAD BEEN
FLOWN OUT TO ALEXANDRIA AND GIVEN
HIS SHIP. THAT FIRST EVENING HE
FOUND THE OPPORTUNITY TO USE THE
WIRELESS CABIN TO GET IN TOUCH
WITH THE BRANCH OF THE ABWEHR
BASED IN CRETE.

EVERYTHING GOING
ACCORDING TO PLAN.
I HAVE YOUR MAN,
CARL SIGNED,
ON AS A RADIO
OPERATOR. I
AM EXPECTING
THE COMMANDO
DETACHMENT ABOARD
THE FOURTH.
I WILL KEEP
IN TOUCH!



IN THE MEANTIME, TWO MILITARY POLICEMEN
WERE ESCORTING JOHN FORSTER TO CAIRO—
AND THE CONDEMNED MAN KNEW HIS HOURS
OF FREEDOM WERE NUMBERED.



THE TRAIN HAD PICKED UP SPEED
AND THE M.P.'S WERE JUST
SETTLING DOWN IN THEIR SEATS
WHEN JOHN MADE HIS DESPERATE
MOVE ...



THE POLICEMEN YANKED THE COMMUNICATION CORD AND AS THE TRAIN SLOWED DOWN THEY JUMPED. BUT FORSTER ALREADY HAD A HUNDRED YARDS START.



DON'T LET
HIM GET AWAY!
WE'LL HAVE TO
SHOOT - BUT
AIM LOW!

SHOTS RANG OUT AND TWO BULLETS WHISTLED PAST JOHN.



RUNNING FAST, HE DREW AWAY FROM HIS PURSUITERS AND WAS SOON ABLE TO DIVE INTO A MAZE OF ALLEYS.



...ON, HE WAS SURE HE HAD DODGED HIS ESCORT AND HE TOOK THE CHANCE OF GOING INTO A BAR NEAR THE DOCKS. THERE HE GOT TALKING TO THREE SEAMEN...

WE'RE OFF
TOMORROW!

WHAT'S
YOUR
SHIP?

THE VOLPARO. TERRIBLE
OLD TUB, BUT THE NEW
SKIPPER AIN'T A BAD
BLOKE!



THIS IS MISTER
WILLEMS, OUR
PARKS. HE DOESN'T
SPEAK MUCH ENGLISH.
HE'S DUTCH, FROM
ROTTERDAM!

IF I COULD ONLY STOW AWAY ON
THEIR SHIP I COULD MAYBE
GET INTO SPAIN, AND BE
INTERNEED FOR THE REST OF
THE WAR. ANYTHING'S
BETTER THAN THE
GLASSHOUSE!



SO WHEN THE SEAMEN WENT BACK TO THEIR SHIP JOHN ACCOMPANIED THEM AS FAR AS THE DOCK GATES.



SOME TIME LATER, TWO LORRIES DREW UP NEAR THE GATES, AND A PARTY OF SAPPERS GOT DOWN AND BEGAN TO UNLOAD ENGINEERING STORES. SOME OF THEM STRUGGLED THROUGH THE GATES WITH THEIR GEAR, SO JOHN HURRIED ACROSS TO HELP THEM.



AS SOON AS HE COULD, HE SLIPPED AWAY INTO THE SHADOWS. THE BOWS OF THE SHIP WERE IN DARKNESS. HE WAITED FOR THE RIGHT MOMENT AND THEN CLAMBÈRED UP THE HAWSER.

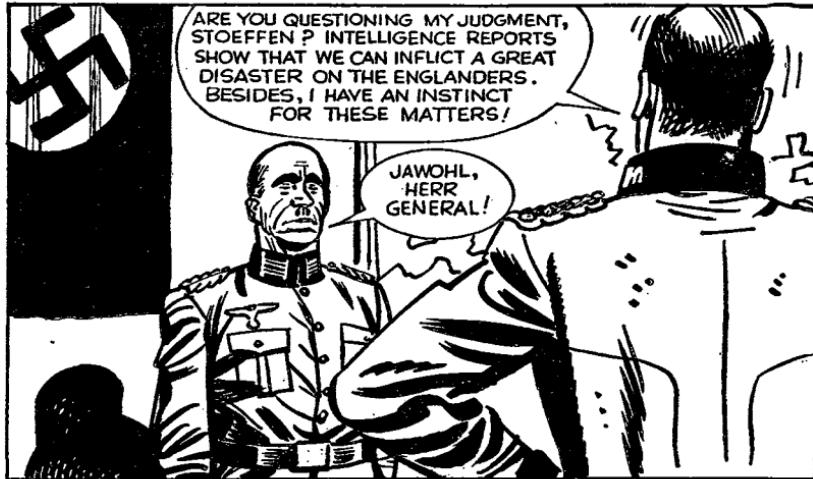


KEEPING TO THE SHADOWS,
HE STOLE UP ON TO THE BOAT
DECK, WHERE HE HID IN ONE
OF THE LIFEBOATS.



AT THAT VERY MOMENT, ON THE
BIG ISLAND BASE OF CLEROS,
TWENTY MILES FROM KYNASTRO,
GENERAL DIETER WAS MAKING
HIS PLANS...





HIDDEN UNDER THE TARPAULIN, JOHN FORSTER HEARD A LOT OF TRAMPING AND SHOUTING THAT NIGHT, AND AT DAYLIGHT, THE VOLPAGO PUT TO SEA...



HE HAD STUFFED HIS POCKETS WITH BISCUITS AND CHOCOLATE BARS FROM AN ALL-NIGHT CANTEEN BEFORE GETTING INTO THE DOCKS, BUT EVENTUALLY IT WAS THIRST THAT DROVE HIM OUT OF HIDING...



A.S. JOHN PASSED THE RADIO CABIN.
HE HEARD SOMETHING THAT BROUGHT
HIM UP SHORT...

ACHTUNG! ACHTUNG!
GANTRY CALLING
FROM THE S.S.
VOLPARO...

BUT - BUT
THAT'S GERMAN!
SOMEONE IN THERE
IS SPEAKING
IN GERMAN!

I HAVE FIFTY COMMANDOS
ABOARD, WHO WILL HIDE IN
THE HOLD. WHEN THE SHIP
APPEARS TO SINK, WE
SHALL BE OFF KYNASTRO
BEFORE DAWN...

THE TRUTH STRUCK JOHN FORSTER
LIKE A BLOW...

(THIS IS THE SHIP OUR LADS ARE
ON! THE TROJAN HORSE STUNT.
ALL THAT TRAMPING I HEARD
THE FIRST NIGHT WAS THEM
COMING ABOARD. NOW THERE'S
A TRAITOR ABOARD WARNING
THE JERRIES WE'RE COMING!



THE IRONY OF THE SITUATION BROUGHT
A BITTER GRIN TO HIS LIPS.

I'VE GOT TO TELL OUR CHAPS. AND
BANG GOES ALL HOPE OF ESCAPE.
I'M BACK WHERE I STARTED -
HEADED FOR THE GLASSHOUSE!



A SLIGHT SOUND
BROUGHT HIM
WHIPPING
AROUND.

THE RADIO OPERATOR THAT
WAS IN THE BAR WITH
THOSE TWO SEAMEN.
THE DUTCHMAN -
WILLEMS!



JOHN THREW UP HIS ARM IN AN INSTINCTIVE GESTURE OF PROTECTION, BUT BEFORE HE COULD SHOUT, A BLOW FELLED HIM.

UGH!



WHAT IS THIS,
CARL? WHAT'S
HAPPENING!

I FOUND THIS MAN
EAVESDROPPING. HE
MUST HAVE HEARD YOU
SPEAKING IN GERMAN.
HE'S ONE OF THE
COMMANDOS!



THE BIG DUTCHMAN STOOPED AND PICKED UP THE STUNNED COMMANDO...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

DON'T BE A FOOL! BRING HIM INTO THE CABIN - WE CAN'T KILL HIM!

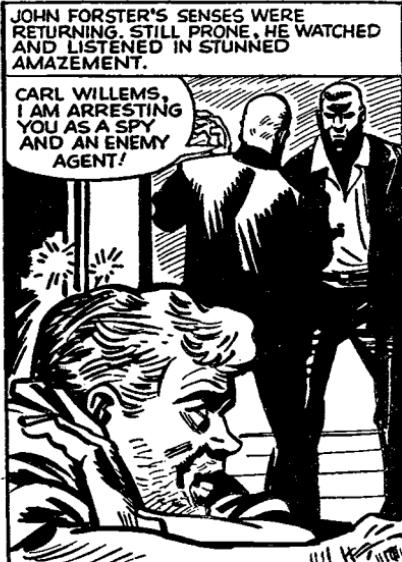
WHY NOT?

THROWING HIM OVERBOARD. WHAT ELSE? HE KNOWS TOO MUCH. HE'LL TELL HIS COMRADES, AND RUIN EVERYTHING!

BECAUSE I SAY SO - THAT'S WHY! IN ANY CASE, YOU COULDN'T DROP HIM OVERBOARD WITHOUT BEING SEEN. WE CAN KEEP HIM HERE TILL IT'S TOO LATE FOR HIM TO INTERFERE.



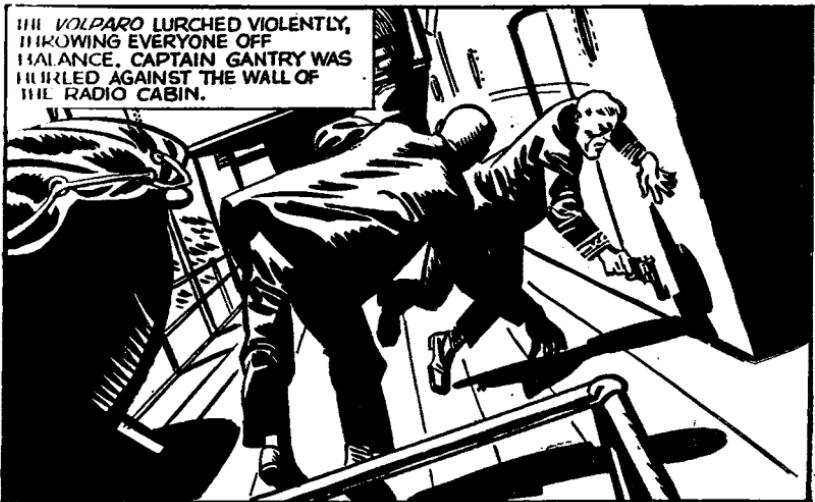




AT THAT PRECISE MOMENT, THE WRECK OF THE S.S. STRANDORE, SUNK BY U-BOATS MANY WEEKS BEFORE, WAS FAILED TO PLAY HER PART. HER CORRODED STRUCTURE WAS IN THE PATH OF THE VOLPARO...



"VOLPARO LURCHED VIOLENTLY, THROWING EVERYONE OFF BALANCE. CAPTAIN GANTRY WAS HURLED AGAINST THE WALL OF THE RADIO CABIN."



BEFORE GANTRY COULD RECOVER,
WILLEMS STRUCK VIOLENTLY...



I CAN'T SHOOT HIM.
CAN'T RISK THE SOUND
OF THE SHOT BEING
HEARD BY THE CREW.
I'LL FINISH HIM
LATER!



FRANTICALLY ANXIOUS TO WARN
THE GARRISONS ON CLEROS
AND KYNASTRO THAT
SOMETHING HAD GONE
WRONG AND THAT THEY
WERE BEING TRICKED,
WILLEMS RUSHED TO THE
RADIO TRANSMITTER...



BUT GANTRY WAS TOUGH,
WITH AN IRON-HARD SKULL.
HE WAS CLIMBING TO HIS
FEET WHEN WILLEMS HEARD
HIM...

ALL RIGHT,
YOU DOG! YOU
HAVE ASKED
FOR IT!



BUT WILLEMS HAD FORGOTTEN JOHN FORSTER. IT TOOK MORE THAN A BLOW ON
THE HEAD TO PUT THE STRONG YOUNG COMMANDO OUT OF ACTION FOR LONG.



WILLEM'S GUN EXPLODED
DEAFENINGLY IN THE
CONFINED SPACE AND
JOHN DROPPED LIMPLY.



BUT THE INTERRUPTION GAVE
GANTRY THE SECONDS HE
NEEDED...



INCH BY INCH, THE GERMAN'S GUN WAS BEING FORCED BACK UNTIL A STRANGLED GROAN OF DESPAIR BROKE FROM HIM. THEN THE GUN WENT OFF LIKE THE CRACK OF DOOM...



GANTRY STAGGERED OVER TO THE TRANSMITTER AND INSTEAD OF A WARNING REACHING THE GERMANS ON CLEROS, IT WAS ANOTHER CONFIRMATORY MESSAGE.



THEN GANTRY BENT OVER THE YOUNG COMMANDO AND FOUND THAT HE WAS STILL ALIVE. HURRIEDLY, HE SUMMONED THE COMMANDOS...



SOON JOHN FORSTER BEGAN TO TAKE IN WHAT HAD HAPPENED. HE REALISED HIS ESCAPE BID HAD FAILED. DIMLY, HE HEARD CAPTAIN LEIGH'S VOICE...

YES, HE'S ONE OF OUR MEN ALL RIGHT, BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW ON EARTH HE GOT ABOARD HERE! THE LAST WE KNEW OF HIM HE WAS ON HIS WAY TO DETENTION IN CAIRO!



AS THE VOLPANO LAY ROCKING IN THE SWELL, A DESTROYER SLID ALONGSIDE...

ALL READY TO RECEIVE YOUR MEN, CAPTAIN!

ALL READY HERE!



Chapter 3. DOOMED SHIP

STILL DAZED AND SHAKEN, JOHN FORSTER TRIED TO GRASP WHAT IT ALL MEANT. PLAINLY, THE ORIGINAL PLAN HAD BEEN CHANGED AND THE COMMANDOS, INSTEAD OF LYING HIDDEN IN THE HOLD WERE BEING TRANSFERRED TO THE DESTROYER.

WHAT ABOUT
FORSTER
HERE?



CONFUSED, HARDLY KNOWING WHAT HE WAS DOING, JOHN QUIETLY ROLLED OFF THE STRETCHER AND SLIPPED OFF INTO THE DARKNESS. OF ONE THING HE WAS QUITE SURE, HE DID NOT WANT TO STICK WITH THE COMMANDOS.

I'LL STAND A BETTER CHANCE WITH THE CAPTAIN OF THIS OLD TRAMP. LOOKS AS THOUGH THE WHOLE OF THIS KYNASTRO PLAN IS NOW OFF. WE MIGHT END UP IN GIB. AFTER ALL!





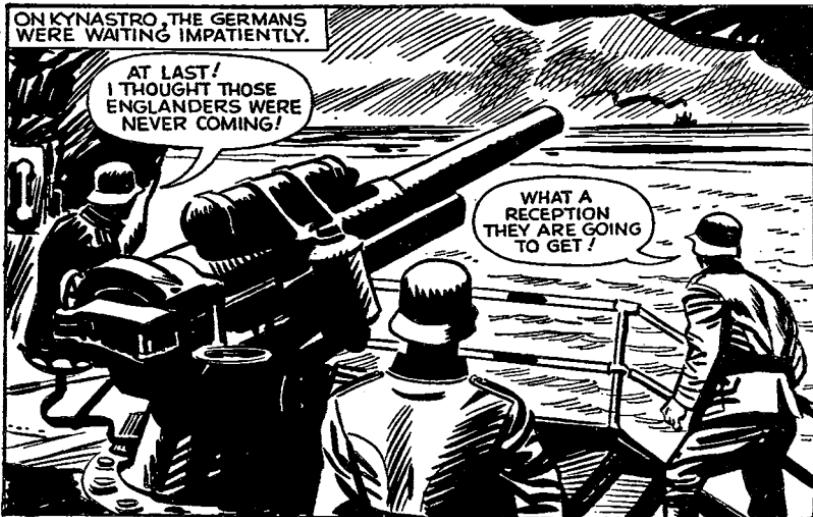
HANG IT! WE CAN'T
WASTE TIME LOOKING
FOR HIM. HE'S ONLY
GLASSHOUSE FODDER,
ANYWAY!

AS SOON AS THE DESTROYER
HAD GONE WITH HER
COMPLEMENT OF COMMANDOS,
CAPTAIN GANTRY SAILED ON
WITH A SKELETON CREW.

SHE'S SPRUNG A BAD LEAK SINCE
SCRAPPING THAT WRECK, SIR. I'VE
GOT THE PUMPS GOING, BUT SHE'S
BEGINNING TO LIST!



IT DOESN'T MATTER,
CHIEF. WE HAVEN'T MUCH
FARTHER TO GO!



ON KYNASTRO, THE GERMANS
WERE WAITING IMPATIENTLY.

AT LAST!
I THOUGHT THOSE
ENGLANDERS WERE
NEVER COMING!

WHAT A
RECEPTION
THEY ARE GOING
TO GET!

THE SWEEPING SEARCHLIGHTS
PICKED UP THE OLD TRAMP STEAMER.



WITH THE MATE, BENNETT,
CAPTAIN GANTRY PEERED
INTO THE GLARE OF THE
SEARCHLIGHTS.

WE SHOULD
HIT THE REEF
ANY TIME NOW,
MISTER MATE. HAVE
YOU GOT THE RUBBER
BOATS READY?

YES, THEY'RE
TOWING ASTERN,
SIR. WE'RE ALL READY
TO LEAVE. I ONLY HOPE
OUR SUBMARINE IS
WHERE SHE'S
SUPPOSED TO BE!

A FEW MINUTES LATER,
THERE WAS A GRINDING
CRASH, AND THE TRAMP
SHUDDERED TO A HALT.

THAT'S IT,
MISTER!

BANG
ON, SIR!



GANTRY ORDERED THE MATE AND THE
OTHERS TO TAKE TO THE BOATS.

WHAT
ABOUT YOU,
SIR?

JUST LEAVE ME ONE
OF THOSE RUBBER
DINGHIES AND I'LL
MAKE MY OWN WAY
TO THE SUB. I'VE GOT
A JOB TO DO FIRST,
REMEMBER?



WHEN THE MATE AND THE OTHERS
PADDLED AWAY, THEY WERE HIDDEN
BY THE SHIP'S STERN FROM THE
PROBING BEAMS OF THE SEARCH-
LIGHTS.

DON'T
LIKE LEAVING
THE OLD MAN.
BUT HE SAID
HE'D BE
OKAY!

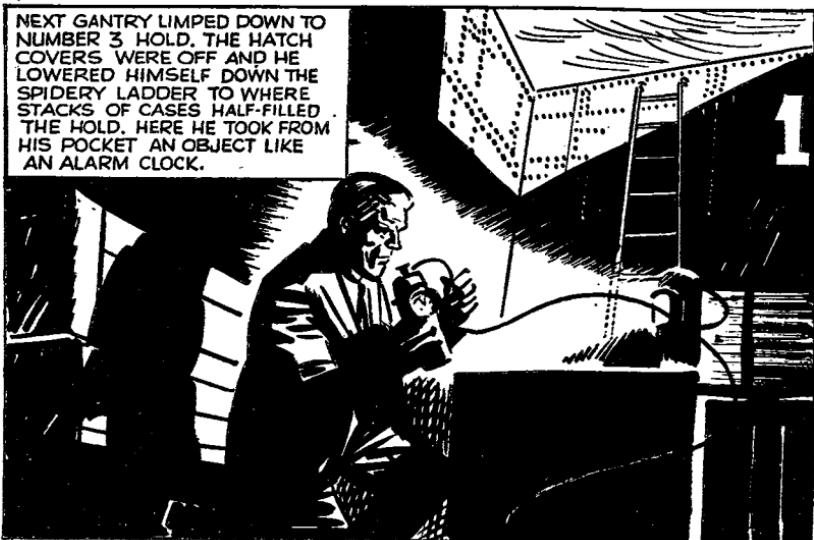


GANTRY'S FIRST MOVE WAS TO THE RADIO CABIN, WHERE HE SENT A FINAL MESSAGE...

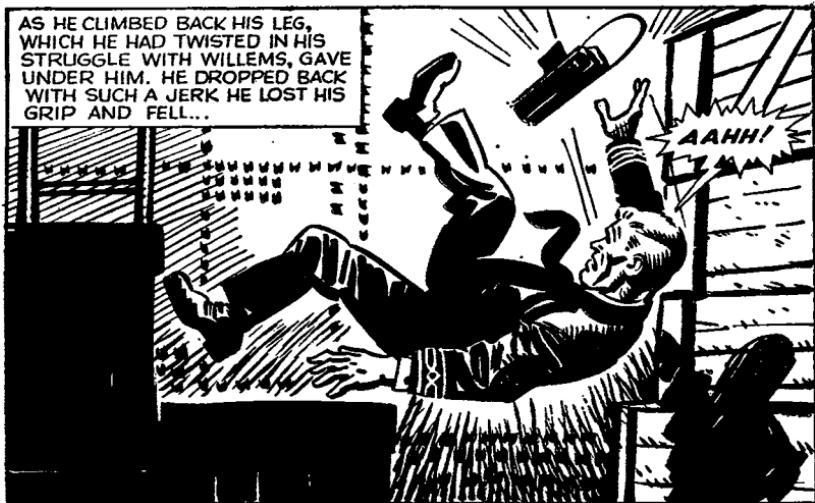
GANTRY CALLING. THE COMMANDOS ARE HIDING IN THE HOLD AND SUSPECT NOTHING. THE PLAN HAS WORKED PERFECTLY. COME OUT AND GET THEM, THEY ARE TRAPPED!



NEXT GANTRY LIMPED DOWN TO NUMBER 3 HOLD. THE HATCH COVERS WERE OFF AND HE LOWERED HIMSELF DOWN THE SPIDERY LADDER TO WHERE STACKS OF CASES HALF-FILLED THE HOLD. HERE HE TOOK FROM HIS POCKET AN OBJECT LIKE AN ALARM CLOCK.



AS HE CLIMBED BACK HIS LEG, WHICH HE HAD TWISTED IN HIS STRUGGLE WITH WILLEMS, GAVE UNDER HIM. HE DROPPED BACK WITH SUCH A JERK HE LOST HIS GRIP AND FELL...



DOWN BETWEEN A STACK OF BOXES HE PLUNGED AND LANDED WITH AN AGONISING IMPACT. AS HE TRIED TO MOVE, A CRY OF PAIN ESCAPED HIM.



IT SEEMED TO CAPTAIN GANTRY IN THOSE TERRIBLE MOMENTS THAT HE COULD HEAR THE TICKING OF THE TIME FUSE HE HAD JUST SET AMONG THE SCORES OF BOXES OF HIGH EXPLOSIVES. HE HAD CLEVERLY BAITED A TRAP FOR THE GERMANS - AND NOW HE WAS CAUGHT IN IT HIMSELF.



GANTRY WAS A BRAVE MAN, BUT HIS FACE WAS WET WITH SWEAT, AND LIFE WAS TICKING AWAY FOR HIM. THEN HE HEARD A SOUND...



JOHN FORSTER, DIZZY AND SICK WITH PAIN FROM HIS HEAD WOUND, HAD BEEN LYING IN HIDING ON THE WELL DECK WHEN HE HAD SEEN GANTRY ENTER THE HOLD.

I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN DO IT, BUT I'VE GOT TO TRY!



GANTRY GAZED UP AT THE YOUNG COMMANDO IN BEWILDERMENT.

YOU? WHAT ARE YOU DOING STILL ABOARD? I THOUGHT YOU'D BEEN TAKEN ON TO THE DESTROYER!

I DIDN'T WANT TO GO WITH THEM. DIDN'T THEY TELL YOU? I'M HEADED FOR THE GLASSHOUSE - I THOUGHT I'D STAND A BETTER CHANCE WITH YOU!

A BETTER CHANCE WITH ME? GREAT HEAVENS, LAD - THIS SHIP IS DOOMED! IN A FEW MINUTES NOW SHE'LL BE BLOWN TO SMITHEREENS, AND A LOT OF GERMANS WITH HER, IF I'VE TIMED THINGS RIGHT!

YOU'D BETTER GET OUT WHILE YOU'VE STILL GOT THE CHANCE. THERE'S A RUBBER DINGHY AT THE STERN, LEFT FOR ME. I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO USE IT. IN THE STATE YOU'RE IN, YOU'LL HAVE A HARD TIME GETTING YOURSELF UP, LET ALONE ME!

NO, SIR! I'M NOT LEAVING YOU. WE'RE A FINE PAIR OF CRIPPLES, BUT WE'LL MANAGE SOMEHOW!

BY SHEER WILL POWER,
HE HEAVED GANTRY UP
TO WHERE HE COULD
REACH THE LADDER.



INCH BY INCH THEY CLIMBED UPWARD.
WHEN THEY GOT ON DECK, THE DISTANT
THROB OF ENGINES COULD BE HEARD.

HERE COME THE GERMANS!
SOME OF GENERAL DIETER'S
S.S. THUGS AND KILLERS!



JOHN FORSTER NEVER KNEW HOW HE GOT THE CRIPPLED CAPTAIN INTO THE BOAT.



ON THE VERGE OF COLLAPSE, HE SUMMONED THE LAST OUNCES OF HIS STRENGTH.



SOON THE S.S. MEN WERE SWARMING ABOARD THE STRANDED OLD TRAMP...



REMEMBER! WE TAKE THEM ALIVE IF WE CAN, THOSE ARE THE GENERAL'S ORDERS. HE HAS HIS OWN WAY OF DEALING WITH THESE MURDERING COMMANDOS!

COME ON OUT, COMMANDOS! WE KNOW YOU ARE DOWN THERE. YOU ARE TRAPPED!



WHEN NO REPLY CAME FROM THE HOLD, THE LEUTNANT FLASHED HIS TORCH DOWNWARDS.

THERE IS NOTHING THERE BUT CARGO. UNLESS THEY ARE HIDDEN SOMEWHERE BENEATH THOSE BOXES.



BY THIS TIME, SOME OF THE S.S. MEN HAD CLIMBED TO THE BOAT DECK ...

IT'S THE
RADIO OPERATOR!
HE'S DEAD -
SHOT!

BUT - BUT HE'S
ONE OF OUR OWN
MEN! THAT WAS
PART OF THE
PLAN!



ALL THIS TIME JOHN FORSTER WAS STRAINING EVERY NERVE TO GET AS FAR FROM THE DOOMED SHIP AS HE COULD, THEN GANTRY SAW A LIGHT WINKING ACROSS THE WATER.

THERE –
THAT'S OUR SUB!



ABOARD THE VOLPARO THE GERMANS' UNEASINESS WAS GROWING. ONE OF THEM RIPPED OPEN A CASE IN THE HOLD.

EXPLOSIVES!
THE HOLD IS FULL
OF THEM. IT'S
A TRAP!



THEN THE WORLD ENDED FOR THEM
IN A GIGANTIC EXPLOSION THAT
TURNED NIGHT INTO DAY.



THE TREMENDOUS BLAST SENT SHOCK WAVES PULSATING ACROSS THE SEA. THE LITTLE RUBBER BOAT ALMOST CAPSIZED.



MECHANICALLY, JOHN ROWED ON BUT HE WAS SOME FIFTY YARDS FROM THE SUBMARINE WHEN ALL STRENGTH DRAINED OUT OF HIM. HE SLUMPED OVER THE OARS...



MEANWHILE, WHILE THE SHOCKED DEFENDERS OF KYNASTRO WERE WAITING FOR AN ATTACK THAT NEVER CAME, 995 COMMANDO, UNDER CAPTAIN LEIGH, WENT IN AGAINST THE FAR MORE IMPORTANT ISLAND BASE OF CLEROS.



THE GARRISON, WITH MOST OF ITS TROOPS AND ARTILLERY TRANSFERRED TO KYNASTRO, WAS SOON OVERWHELMED.



ON THE VOYAGE BACK TO ALEXANDRIA,
CAPTAIN GANTRY EXPLAINED
EVERYTHING TO THE YOUNG
COMMANDO...

I'VE BEEN WORKING FOR M.I. FIVE
FOR YEARS. I PENETRATED
GERMAN SECURITY BY
PRETENDING TO BE A
TRAITOR AND WORKING
FOR THEM.

WHEN I GAVE INFORMATION TO THE
ENEMY ABOUT CONVOY SAILINGS IT
WAS A TRAP, FOR OUR U-BOAT
HUNTERS WOULD BE THERE IN
GREAT FORCE. AS FOR THIS LAST
STUNT, IT WAS AN ELABORATE
DOUBLE BLUFF, WITH THE ORIGINAL
PLAN BEING CHANGED COMPLETELY.
BUT IT WORKED - THANKS TO YOU!



BACK IN ALEXANDRIA,
ONE OF THE FIRST
THINGS CAPTAIN
GANTRY DID WAS TO
SEEK AN INTERVIEW
WITH THE BRITISH
MILITARY
AUTHORITIES.

I KNOW THIS MAN, FORSTER, COMMITTED A
SERIOUS MILITARY CRIME, AND DESERVES
SOME PUNISHMENT. HE SAVED MY LIFE
TWICE, AND IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR
HIM THE WHOLE OPERATION WOULD
HAVE FAILED! SURELY, GENTLEMEN,
THIS IS A CASE FOR
CLEMENCY!



SO INSTEAD OF SERVING
TWO YEARS, JOHN FORSTER
SERVED TWO MONTHS.

THE G.O.C. HAS
TAKEN A LENIENT VIEW
OF YOUR CASE. YOU WILL
GO BACK TO THE COMMANDOS,
AND SOLDIER ON. AND MIND
YOU DON'T COME BACK
HERE!

I'LL SEE
TO THAT,
SIR!



POINT BLANK

IN 1945 THE GERMAN SIEGFRIED LINE HAD BEEN OVER-RUN AND SERGEANT TUG WILSON AND HIS MEN OF THE ROYAL PIONEER CORPS HAD BEEN GIVEN THE JOB OF CLEARING UP.

1/17/45/LA
HOW MANY MORE O' THESE GUN CHARGES ARE THERE, SARGE? I'M FED UP AT THE SIGHT OF 'EM!

AND I'M FED UP WITH YOUR MOANING, JONES.

IT'S GOING TO TAKE A MONTH TO CLEAR THIS LITTLE LOT. THEN THE DEMOLITION CAN START. SO KEEP MOVIN', YOU LAYABOUTS.

THERE COULD BE WORSE JOBS. LIKE FOR EVER SCRAPPIN' WITH THE KRAUTS. THEY MUST BE PRETTY DESPERATE BY NOW.

AND NON MORE DESPERATE THAN LEUTNANT HELMUT MOSSLER, WHO WITH HIS GUN-CREW, HAD GONE TO EARTH WHEN THE LINE HAD BEEN TAKEN...

WE CAN STILL STRIKE ONE FINAL BLOW FOR THE FUHRER ! FOLLOW ME !



TUG LED HIS MEN BACK DOWN BELOW FOR ANOTHER LOAD OF GUN CHARGES. THEN...

ENGLANDERS! KILL THEM!



THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING TUG AND HIS MEN COULD DO...

GET INTO THAT GUN CHAMBER! QUICK!



TUG SLAMMED THE STEEL DOOR SHUT JUST IN TIME.

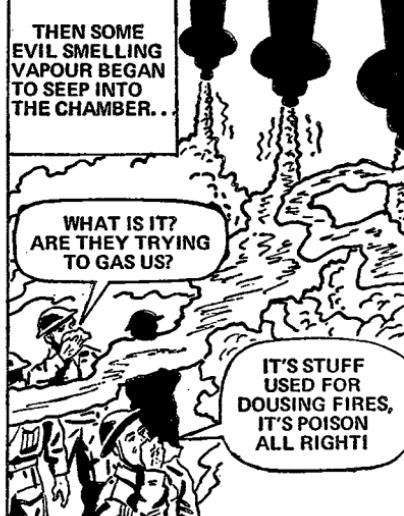
PIPPED 'EM!
THEY WON'T BE
ABLE TO
GET IN HERE.



SCHMEISSER SLUGS BEAT A TATTOO ON THE DOOR, BUT THE STEEL HELD...



THEN SOME EVIL SMELLING VAPOUR BEGAN TO SEEP INTO THE CHAMBER...



THE DEADLY GAS BEGAN
TO TAKE EFFECT...

I'M— I'M CHOKIN'—
OPEN THE DOOR...

IF WE OPEN THE DOOR
THEY'LL BE WAITING
FOR US.



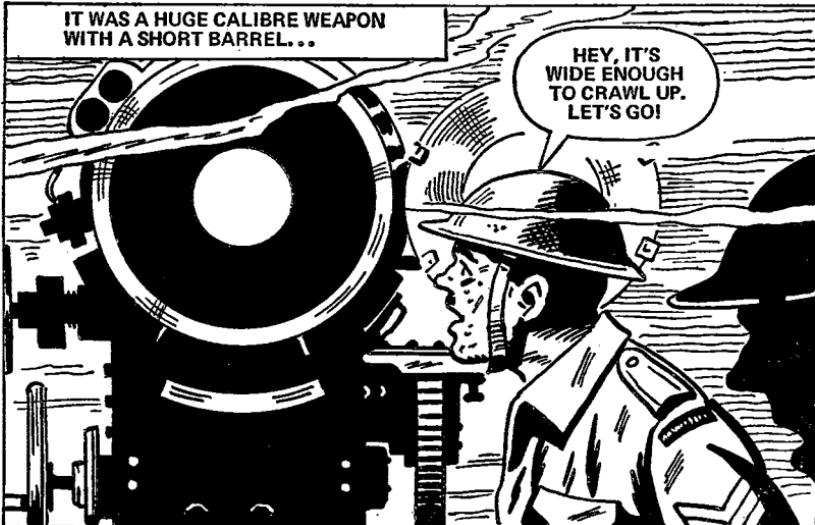
THEN TUG SAW A SOURCE
OF FRESH AIR...

HERE!
GET NEAR
TO THE
OPEN
BREECH!



IT WAS A HUGE CALIBRE WEAPON
WITH A SHORT BARREL...

HEY, IT'S
WIDE ENOUGH
TO CRAWL UP.
LET'S GO!



IT WAS A TIGHT FIT, BUT ONE AT A TIME THE MEN MADE IT...

TAKE IT STEADY AND YOU WON'T GET STUCK.



THEN...

SARGE! LOOK! THE
NEXT GUN'S MOVING!
THE KRAUTS MUST BE
MANNING IN IT.

THEY'RE LAYING IT POINT BLANK
ON THAT ROAD. WE'VE GOT TO
STOP THEM OR IT'LL BE A SLAUGHTER.



WITH THE INDIRECT LAYING, THE GERMANS COULD NOT SEE TUG EDGING ALONG THE BARREL.

HURRY UP!
THEY'VE JUST
LOADED A
SHELL!



RIGHT!
KEEP 'EM
COMING, LADS.

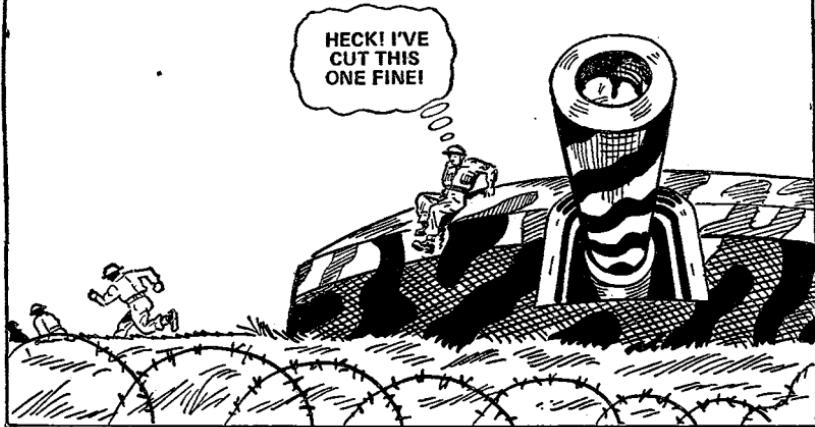


ONE BY ONE HE SLID THE POWDER CHARGE BAGS DOWN THE MUZZLE.

THEY'VE SHUT
THE BREECH!
GET MOVING,
YOU LOT!



THEY KNEW THAT DOWN IN THE GUN CHAMBER, THE FIRING MECHANISM WOULD BE SET TO FIRE...



THE GUN FIRED, THE SHELL SMASHING INTO THE PACKED POWDER BAGS. IT WAS A BLOW-BACK...



LATER, WHEN THE SERGEANT CAUGHT HIS BREATH...

WELL, THAT'LL
SAVE US A
BIT OF
DEMOLITION
WORK!



TO THE MEN IT SEEMED A GOOD IDEA,
BUT NOT TO TUG...

HERE, SARGE, CAN'T WE DO THE
SAME WITH THE REST OF THE
POWDER BAGS? SAVE A LOT O'
CARTING ABOUT.

NO WE CAN'T! OUR ORDERS
ARE TO TAKE 'EM BACK TO
STORE. I'M GOING TO HAVE
TO ACCOUNT FOR THIS LITTLE
LOT AS IT IS, SO GET CRACKIN'

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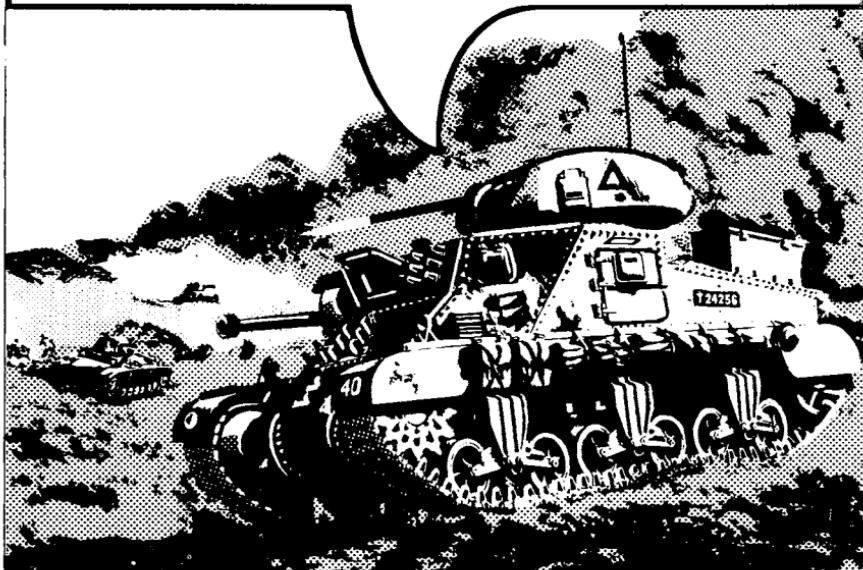
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HAVEN'T THE RANGE
AIRFIX HAVE GOT!**



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